

GREAT GIFT!  I LOVE TO READ™ COMPETITION



BATMAN AND SUPERMAN



BATMAN AND
SUPERMAN
PLAYSUITS AND
PLAYHOUSES

inside...

•BATMAN
POSTER

and



STORY



Every month
No. 38 £1.25



38 >

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Gotham City docks, where the Dark Knight and the Boy Wonder speed to another investigation.

I HOPE
THIS *ISN'T* THE
WORK OF **KILLER
CROC**, BATMAN.

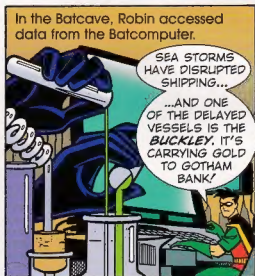
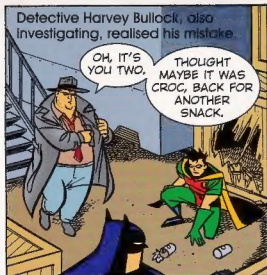
I KNOW. HE'S
VERY DANGEROUS. AND
HE ESCAPED CUSTODY
THIS MORNING...

...BUT WHO
ELSE COULD DO
THIS WITH THEIR
BARE HANDS?

GAMBIT

QUITE
A PARTY!
BUT—

FREEZE!



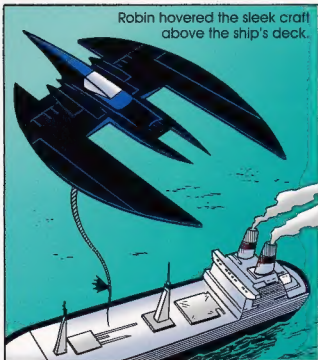
Commissioner Gordon asked the *Buckley's* captain to take a special passenger on board. Soon the Batplane streaked out to sea.



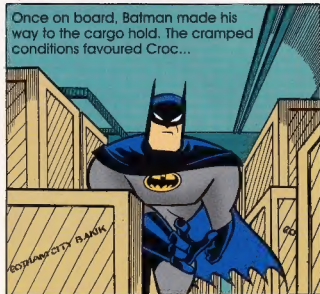
WE'RE CLOSING
IN ON THE BUCKLEY.
TAKE THE CONTROLS,
ROBIN.



Robin hovered the sleek craft
above the ship's deck.



Once on board, Batman made his
way to the cargo hold. The cramped
conditions favoured Croc...

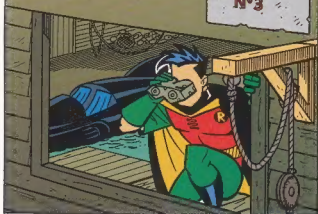


...but the Dark Knight
planned to use them
to his own advantage.



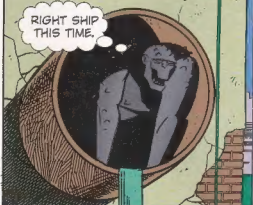
Later, in an abandoned boathouse, Robin watched as the ship docked.

**BOAT
HOUSE
N°3**



While from a different place, a crocodile smiled.

RIGHT SHIP
THIS TIME.



I CAN
SMELL THE
GOLD...

...AND I
WANT IT!

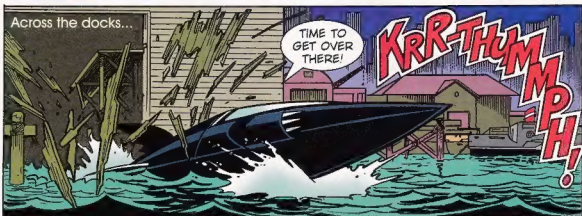
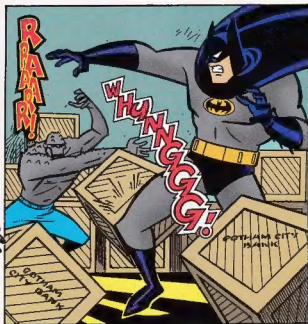


CHUNNTCH!



K-KKRRITCH!





Back on the ship, Batman's movements were restricted.



Croc leaped in for the attack.

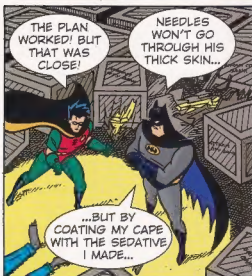


BATMAN!
BATMAN!



THE PLAN
WORKED! BUT
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

NEEDLES
WON'T GO
THROUGH HIS
THICK SKIN...



...BUT BY
COATING MY CAPE
WITH THE SEDATIVE
I MADE...

...HE TOOK HIS
MEDICINE HIMSELF
WHEN HE CHEWED
ON IT.

WELL, YOU
CAN'T HAVE
YOUR CAPE AND
EAT IT TOO!



THE END

NEW I LOVE TO READ™

BATMAN AND SUPERMAN



Lois Lane and Ron Troupe have an adventure aboard what could be an...

Ex-Press Train



grinned. "Relax and enjoy it, Lois," he told her. "If this train's really as fast as they say, we'll be back at the *Planet* before you can say Pulitzer Prize." Ron took a bite from one of the sandwiches piled on his plate, making exaggerated noises of appreciation. "Mm-mmm. My favourite—*fast* food."

"Well," commented Ron Troupe as the countryside sped by in a blur, "she certainly lives up to her name."

Lois Lane nodded. They'd pulled out of Metropolis's main railway station only three minutes before and already they were well beyond the city limits. The *Speeding Bullet*, a new super high-speed train, did indeed live up to its name.

As reporters for the *Daily Planet*, Lois and Ron had been invited aboard the train for its first run between Metropolis and Central City. The buffet carriage in which they were standing was filled with representatives from the press, TV and radio, all enjoying free food and drink laid on by the train's owners. Lois scowled. She had little time for this kind of public relations exercise. She was a *news* reporter.

Seeing her expression, Ron

Despite her mood, Lois smiled back. As always, Ron was right. The *real* news would still be there when they got back. But as the train thundered on, her thoughts turned to Clark Kent. For once, it was "Smallville", as Lois always referred to Clark, who was on the right track.

In the *Daily Planet* newsroom, Clark Kent looked up from his computer. Lois and Ron, he guessed, would be well on their way to Central City. He wished he could be with them, but this story was just too important, and at last he had hard evidence to back it up.

He'd discovered that a huge construction company called Concord was bribing local government officials. In return the officials were rewarding Concord with big money-making building contracts.

Concord was, Clark's sources

informed him, a front for Intergang, the biggest criminal organisation in Metropolis!

Once the story broke, the scandal would force the company out of business, and Intergang would find one of their biggest sources of income cut off forever.

The phone rang and Clark picked it up. "Newsroom, Kent speaking."

"Listen carefully," the caller said.

Clark noticed immediately that the voice was filtered through a device in order to distort and disguise it. "There's a bomb aboard the *Speeding Bullet*," the voice continued. "Bury the bribery story or bury two of your fellow reporters. It's your choice. Any attempt to notify the police or Superman, or alert the passengers, will result in the bomb's immediate detonation."

The line went dead.

Clark stared, momentarily numb.

"Two of your fellow reporters," the voice had said. Lois and Ron.

He moved suddenly, so fast no one

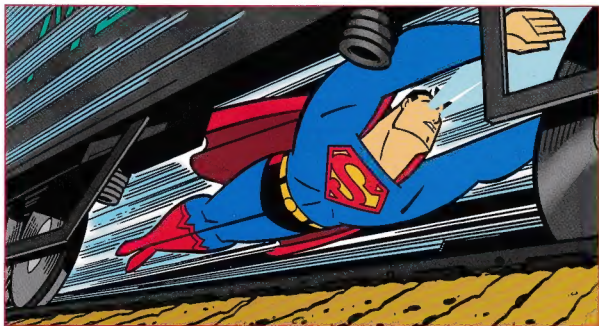
in the newsroom even noticed the action or that Clark had disappeared. In less than a second he was out of his suit and out of the building, soaring upwards as Superman.

If he was to save Lois, Ron and their fellow passengers, he really would have to move faster than a *Speeding Bullet*.

Back in Metropolis, in the penthouse office of Concorc, a dark-suited executive named De Haas stared grimly at the mobile phone on the desk in front of him. Since he'd called the *Planet*, it hadn't rung. That was good. That meant Kent was behaving himself.

All he needed, De Haas thought, was time. Kent's story would come out eventually, but by the time it did all evidence of Concorc's links to Intergang would have been carefully erased.

The executive's finger hovered above the trigger button on the small, remote detonator he carried. Of course,



should Kent either disregard his warning or try and alert the authorities, then the next story he'd be reporting on would be the destruction of the *Speeding Bullet*.

As Superman hurtled towards the train, the enormity of his problem became apparent. He didn't dare slow down. The caller would almost certainly have observers positioned at intervals along the train's route. If he was spotted, a signal would be sent and the bomb detonated.

Superman altered his course, until he was right behind the *Speeding Bullet*, flying mere inches above the track. There was no margin for error here. If he judged this wrong, even fractionally, he might end up destroying the train himself.

Still at breakneck speed, the *Speeding Bullet* looming larger and larger, Superman took a deep breath and went right under the train.

He immediately checked his speed, matching it exactly to the train above him. Superman exhaled, carefully. He had only inches of clearance above him and below him.

With infinite care, Superman started to move up the length of the train, using his X-ray vision to scan each carriage in turn. He soon found the bomb, and another very big problem. The bomb was built into the structure of the buffet carriage, which was filled with people,



Lois and Ron among them!

Inside the buffet carriage, Lois was suddenly conscious that her left foot was getting hotter. She almost yelped as she felt a tiny stab of pain, and then it was gone. Ron watched Lois curiously as she removed her shoe, examining the neat, smoking hole in the sole. Both looked at the floor, seeing a slightly bigger hole there.

Pretending to drop her handbag, Lois knelt. Superman, just about visible through the hole, immediately put a finger to his lips to indicate silence, and Lois managed to stifle her automatic gasp of surprise. As briefly as possible Superman

explained what he needed from her and Ron.

Moments later, Lois turned to Ron and whispered furtively in his ear. Ron gaped, staring at her wide-eyed.

"Elisabeth DuMont is here? On this train?" Ron said out loud, causing Lois to wince visibly. Holding a finger to her lips, Lois indicated the other newsmen and women. "Shh," she said sharply. "Do you want *everyone* to know?"

Lois steered Ron towards the door leading to the next carriage. She smiled innocently at the watching reporters, and then practically pushed Ron through the door.

At first no-one moved, and then suddenly everyone was reaching for tape machines, notebooks and mobile phones. In what could only be described as undignified haste, the buffet carriage emptied, all the journalists wanting to get an interview with the famous and reclusive French actress.

As soon as the carriage had emptied, Superman acted. With his heat vision he severed the couplings at each end of the carriage and soared with it into the air. High above the ground and away from the town the train had just passed through, the bomb exploded, blowing the carriage apart.

Below, the reporters gazed out of the windows, shocked. Their confusion over discovering no trace of Elisabeth DuMont had turned to outright astonishment when the buffet carriage in which they'd been standing moments before had rocketed skyward and then been blown apart.

Only Lois Lane and Ron Troupe knew exactly what had happened, and they weren't about to tell the others. Lois smiled, thinking once more of Clark Kent. It looked like Lois and Ron were going to get their own exclusive.

When the late edition of the *Planet* hit the streets that day, there were two lead stories. And though Clark Kent's story of bribes and corruption in boardrooms couldn't be linked directly to Lois and Ron's story about a bomb aboard the *Speeding Bullet*, a lot of people drew their own conclusions.

THE END